

## Exploit me by Marchioness\_wiles

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**Summary:**

Abandoned

When you build up a monster in your head you never imagine they would even be capable of crying. But here he was staring at a bruised and misty eyed Billy Hargrove outside a bar.

When I use the word monster I mean it as in bully not that he is the mind flayer. This is set in a no 'real' monster universe

Been edited since original post date; no real major changes tho

## Exploit me

### Author's Note:

A comment by Someone (who I don't feel confident enough to mention) on another story inspired this; They have been so nice to me, I wish I was better at this.

I wanted Steve to be more awkward/goofy but have that piece of shit confidence; that's not exactly how this came out but well I do what I can I'm a weak writer.

There are thing I still wanna change a bit but it was bothering me to not get the new edits posted. I was busy for a while to so I just couldn't anymore as soon as a had some to make some edits.

When you build up a monster in your head you never imagine they would even be capable of crying. But here he was staring at a bruised and misty eyed Billy Hargrove outside a bar; The neon red sign painting half his face with its color but hiding nothing not even his split lip or the already forming bruises on his skin.

Steve had just gotten out of his car when he saw and heard the commotion; Someone was being dragged out the door by two bouncers. His hair and the glimpses of his face were recognizable even after three years though he was acting more docile than Steve ever remembered. He didn't put up a fight just let them manhandle him onto the sidewalk with his head down. They left him a few feet from the door knowing he wouldn't be a further problem; As they walked away one bouncer yelled back for him to leave before the cops were called for the fight.

Then a high pitched laugh struck through the again opened door, pulling his attention to where it'd come from. A group of people some drunk and all of them loud stumbled outside; They were having a good laugh at how crazy it all was that the other guy who'd fought wasn't even conscious to be thrown out with the 'blonde guy'.

His eyes drifted from the drunken group finding Billy was making his way to his car. Steve began to wonder if he should go over to him. He didn't care about the guy but he was also sure he didn't want to drink anymore at least not here tonight. So out of curiosity and something to do he moved to approach him despite regret whispering in his ear with his every step.

When Steve reached him he was still on the sidewalk in front of the bar; He stepped in front of Billy but before he could speak his head snapped up toward him. The sudden movement had Steve jolting back before his mind could take in the sight he was unsure was even real. Billy's face was drenched in sweat but unmistakable tears were clumping his dark eyelashes as he shot him with a death glare that might of scared the Steve in the past; But seeing it now had something squeezing in his chest and twitch in his pants. He was so distracted by his appearance all his thoughts disappeared and he forgot to say anything. Billy made the first move pushing past Steve so hard he was almost spinning on his heel with the force.

"Wait, are you ok?" his hand gripped the sleeve of Billy's jacket before he was aware his body and time were moving once more.

He looked at him directly again, sending Steve's heart for a spin "obviously."

He didn't immediately pull away giving Steve time to take in the man he'd once thought was a monster from another universe. Billy looked more matured now even watery eyed but he still wore his shirts half unbuttoned showing off his maintained muscles. He even still used the same cologne. But somehow despite not looking much different the person in front of him now felt so detached from the one he'd known in the past. Something was more reachable about him even with his glare. He didn't get to stare for too long before Billy pulled his arm away turning and starting to walk again. He had to stop him. "If you're drunk I can give you a ride."

"Only had one beer." Steve watched the same sleeve he'd gripped rubbed at his face as his form started to meld into the dark as he walked further from all the lights.

He walked toward him a bit "Well..... Do you wanna talk?" A snort

told Steve no immediately “Or no, we could go to another bar.”

“I’m already going to another bar.”

“Then I’ll come?”

He looked back at Steve silent for a moment long enough for his eyes to adjust a little, his tears and sweat were gone face incredulous and as normal as possible except the minor injury’s marring it. “I don’t give a shit do what you want.”

Oh he planned to. He ran to his car tripping over his feet a little bit but recovering fast. The feeling of excitement and shame spiked through his veins when Billy’s car started up. Steve didn’t know what it was but he wanted to be around Billy maybe to see how far he could push him or maybe to see if he’d take a bite out of him if he offered; It’s not like he’d have to see Billy after tonight they’d somehow avoided each other up to now so nothing should change, right.

Tires screamed as Billy sped out of the parking lot stoking the fire he’d set under Steve as he started speeding trying to catch him again. He was taking hard turns speeding down empty roads pushing the limits of Steve’s driving comfort zone. He finally slowed when the lighted sign of the only other bar in town came into view. Billy pulled in around the side of the building but Steve wasn’t too high on adrenaline to park next to him where the one light in the parking lot didn’t shine; Especially when the place looked deserted, only a few cars dotted around the building.

When he let go of the wheel to grab the door handle he realized his hand was shaking a little from fear or energy he didn’t know and didn’t care. He got out of his car nearly breaking into a sprint to catch Billy who was already walking in the door with anger creased between his brows, he didn’t acknowledge Steve when he reached him.

Stepping in the they bee-lined for the bar and bartender Billy barked out an order for one beer Steve interjected to make it two as he sat down next to him on a black stool “I’ll pay.”

“You think that means something” Billy didn’t look at him until he spoke again “Don’t expect anything from me.”

“Like what” the bartender set the beers down taking Steve attention the cash he held out for him. When he finally turned back to look at Billy he was met with a look of irritation. He wondered if he should try to test the boundary already with a joke “I didn’t buy you a drink to get in your pants” that’s exactly what he wanted though “or hear why you uh, well were upset unless you changed your mind.”

“Why the fuck are you here then?”

He knew if he backed down now that question would only be the first step to back him into a corner with the only option being to fight back or flee. So he tried to one up him “Why did you come to a bar alone?” He asked even though he had done the same but Billy usually had at least one lackey or some wide eyed girl not far behind.

Billy carelessly pushed his fingers through his messy curls doing nothing to fix them as he started talking as if Steve was dumb for not knowing “The same reason any single guy with a need does.”

“Right” with a scan of the room it was obvious why everyone goes to the bar they’d left; the place was rundown dimly lit in a shitty way and was scarce of people especially people Billy would want to talk to. Only middle aged men looking for cheap drinks and someone to tell bullshit stories to came here. Steve was really losing momentum not knowing what to do next, the taste of shitty beer was no help either though Billy was basically chugging his.

When he spoke next his voice came out soft but demanding “Why are you here?”

“I guess the same reason as you.”

He let out a huff that was almost a laugh “You left another bar no a crowd bar to follow me to this” his hand motioned the whole place, so he had noticed this wasn’t the place to get what he wanted.

“There were fights at that bar.”

“You can handle yourself just fine against the fucks that live in this

shit hole.”

“I don’t need to get in a fight tonight” Billy’s face split in a devil’s smile telling Steve in no words ‘then why are you here talking to me?’ bitterness pushed out his next words “Why did you get in a fight?”

Despite asking Steve was surprised he actually answered “Some guys date wanted to come back with me and he started talking shit so if I couldn’t fuck her I was going to fuck him up” so it wasn’t the fight that upset him? and why did he answer him so easily again?

He watched Billy tip back his beer taking in how his throat moved as he swallowed. “Why her? You could have approached anyone else, everyone and their mom has been drooling over you since you moved here” Billy’s dark eyebrow quirked up but he said nothing. After that silence fell over them both and Steve started racking through his brain for something to say. His eyes darted around looking for something to inspire a new topic. He started mulling over all the dumb things he could say trying to evaluate which was the least embarrassing getting so lost in thought he was shocked when Billy started talking.

“I thought you moved away.”

He couldn’t believe it, jumping into his own response before remembering to restrain his words “No I guess I just became a hermit” yup to honest.

“You hiding from something?”

“What did you miss your favorite victim” his words came out more accusatory than he had intended so Steve laughed trying to show he was joking. Then trying to further deflect he asked “Why do you still live here?”

“Family.”

Steve had heard small rumors before graduating but he wasn’t going act like he actually knew about his situation but if anything wasn’t a lie “You don’t have to accept people as family just because of blood.”

Though that's something Steve was still trying to learn for himself. A vein popped for a second as Billy ground his jaw as he tipped back the last of his beer before he switched his empty bottle with Steve's half drunk one. "I thought you came to find a girl not get drunk." He didn't want to see him drunk driving if he could and if he got to sloppy Steve knew he would have to be responsible.....and he wouldn't be able to make a move.

He gulped down the rest of the beer slamming it on the counter "It's a shit night you're the most decent looking bitch at this bar and I'm not staying to drink another watered down beer so sorry I can't be your entertainment anymore" he stood up starting for the door.

Steve was on his feet in a second following Billy into the parking lot wondering how he walked so fast and not why he wanted to follow him when all he wanted was another fight; He was just reaching his car door when Steve spoke up "Wait I didn't come here for a show and since when do you walk away from me without a real fight." The last thing he wanted himself was a fight but he wanted to stop Billy no matter what.

He turned around on a heel facing Steve pacing back to him, the darkness concealing his rage until he was close enough for him to see Billy's face furrowed in anger. "So that's really it, that's what you wanted a fight" he had him backed into the side of the building seconds later. "Go ahead make your move Harrington get whatever petty revenge you've dreamed about."

"That's not it" he was moving in closer to Steve closing nearly all the remaining space, he stuck his hand between them trying the wrench a gap but Billy just pressed forward Steve's hand finding his chest feeling it rise and fall with his heavy breathes. He turned his face to the side baring his neck but just trying to create more space. He was panicking not thinking when he said "I just liked your face."

"The fuck are you talking about."

"I don't know when I saw you I, I don't know."

"Saw me?"

“Yea..... you look....good you know” dammit what was he saying.

“Are you that drunk on half a beer?”

“What no. Why would I lie about that;” rhetorically he asked “So you can have something to blackmail me with?”

Billy’s blue eyes looked down in thought he still looked like he wanted to kill him but he spoke in a much lighter confused tone “You’re telling me you came here to hit on me?”

“Uh, yes...kind of.”

“So you want to hook up?”

“That would be a nice bonus.”

He finally backed off face relaxing hands on his hips as he looked up at the night sky just thinking for a moment. “Well if you want to blow me a mouth is a mouth.”

Steve’s jaw dropped he had been tactless, thoughtless and blunt and it’d worked, forget he’d never touched another guy like that in any way before, he was too blinded by not being rejected to think. His voice came out sounding robotic “Uh yea sure. In your car?”

Billy said nothing just turned to walk back to his car ripping the door open freely since no other cars were parked around his. Steve walked over to the passenger side sitting down so casually it shocked himself. He opened his mouth to say something trying to restart the momentum but all that came out were barely audible sounds. Billy just stared at him smugly like a dare, he almost looked content.

Obviously Billy was still getting off on seeing him struggle so Steve knew he would have to buck up and make the first move again; He turned his body in the passenger seat facing him as much as he could Billy just relaxed into his seat more like he didn’t have a care. With an unsteady hand he reached for Billy’s belt his brain switched into a focused state blocking out the rest on the world. He unbuckled his belt no problem, undid the button of his jeans then slowly pulled his zipper down; Though it was Billy who pulled his shirt up from its tucked in state revealing the lower half of his torso. His heart was



thundering and his ears and face burned with the encouraging act.

His whole body buzzed and air stuck in his throat as his hand pressed flat on the heated skin of Billy's abdomen before sliding under the denim. He felt Billy's pubes pass under his fingers then palm, when he reached the base of his shaft a sharp inhale pierced through the air. His dick was only half hard but hot in Steve's grip as he pulled him out into view pushing his jeans down as much as he could with no help. Even half hard in the dark anyone could tell Billy was packing something serious between his legs. His hand naturally began stroking thumb rubbing over the head on every pass; He watched Billy's dick harden in his grip it seemed like no time before he was fully stiff and ready for Steve's mouth.

Before he could think before anxiety took over and he was too afraid to do anything more; He bent down blood pounding in his ears his thumb and forefinger wrapped around the base before his lips forgetting to open kissed the head. Slowly he opened his lips enveloping the head moving down a little over his shaft feeling it fill his mouth. Steve could smell Billy's musk hidden under his cologne; The scent and his jaw being so open had his mouth watering.

Thanks to every person that's made him lucky he knew he had to cover his teeth before starting, his upper lip tucked a little over his top teeth his tongue pushed over the top of his bottom row pressing wet on Billy's cock finally fully tasting him. A hand slipped in his hair softly gripping a handful of it and if it hadn't been the end of the day he would have opposed immediately.

He moved down Billy's length trying to remember anything more anyone had told him about blowjobs and deep throating but few things came to mind. He tried to focus on opening his throat, his tongue pushed past his lip laying flat against Billy's cock. He pushed until the muscles were strained and instinctually trying to swallow around him to the point he nearly choked. Billy's hand gripped harder at the hair on the back of his head pulling slightly that's when he noticed how hard his breathes were coming out. Steve gave in to the pull moving back up his length just to bob back down and up a few times though not as deep, just enough so he could listening to the sounds coming out of Billy. Sounds that had blood rushing to his own dick.

Coming out like a hiss through gritted teeth “Steve.”

Pulling up with just the tip in his mouth he turned to look up at him Billy’s eyes were blown and lidded his lips were slightly parted and with his flush he looked like he was more drunk than he was. He just wanted to call his name? Billy’s free hand rose to his own face resting on his forehead then he was pulling Steve’s head trying to turn him away. He gave in to the pull again.

Mouth still around Billy’s cockhead Steve’s tongue swirled around reveling the grunts it brought before he was diving back down on his dick. Billy called his name again this time he just hummed a response the vibration had the blonde’s hips jerking. Steve was sure his nose bumped blonde pubes for a second before he was pulling off to catch his breath.

Another call of his name rung in the air accompanied by a sorry; Reinvigorated Steve was licking from as far down as he could get with his jean in the way all the way up tongue fully flat on his shaft like he was eating an ice cream cone. When he reached his tip he drew it back in his mouth sucking on it as his tongue swiped over it tasting precum. Steve could feel the tightening in Billy’s abdomen from the hand that was still holding the base of his dick, he hadn’t noticed he was gripping around it so hard until now. He started moving his head down on his cock again his throat tightening around it as he loosened his grip.

Like a record scratch Billy’s gruff voice was nearly a yell “WAit” Steve’s scalp was screaming at his pull but he was to slow, cum hit his throat and tongue.

He came up coughing a little as he inevitably swallowed some trying to hold the rest in his mouth. Though quickly accepting he’d already done so he swallowed the rest of the salty liquid before Billy finally let go of his hair, his hand now rested on Steve’s nape.

“Why did you do that?”

Steve sat up to look at him Billy’s hand fell into his own lap. He could feel the strain as he tried to talk, his voice coming out hoarse “I already swallowed some so more won’t make a difference.”

He sounded angry “Not that, why did you do any of this?”

“Um...”

“Fuck I thought you were going to retaliate with me or some shit.”

Steve sounded panicked “Why didn’t you say anything when your cock was in my mouth then?”

Billy covered his eyes with his hands “I... Fuck I don’t know.” He just sat there silent for a minute dick still out but now soft Steve’s own had gone soft to “I didn’t think you’d actually want to do this with me.” His hand fell moving to tuck himself back in and to do up his pants.

Didn’t think? Had he wanted this or not “What’s going on right now” he said nothing back just staring into space. Steve let out a sigh leaning back in the seat as Billy’s eyes stayed forward, silence consuming the space between them. His body and mind just felt tired he just didn’t really care at this point it’s not like he was invested in Billy he just liked his teary face. With another sigh he spoke low trying to keep his voice steady “listen I have no hard feeling for what happened in the past I deserved it all and more. I guess I just figured it didn’t matter to you either anymore.”

“This is all fucked either way, I mean me and you.” With that the last of the heat they’d built up evaporated the only proof it’d ever been there was the flogged windows.

Great, at least he was honest now and at least he wasn’t mad because Steve was a guy “I get it and I get you had a hard night so I’ll just go.” He opened the door got out and walked away not turning to look at Billy at all even when he thought he heard him start to say something. It wasn’t until he was in his own car that he looked to where Billy was still parked, he was obscured in the dark but Steve could tell the fog had been wiped away from the window facing him. He started his car waiting a minute to see what Billy would do but nothing happened that he could see. With one last glance he pulled out heading home too tired to really care yet and wanting to brush his teeth.

## Author's Note:

Don't drink and drive cops say one drink an hour is the sweet spot but my dudes don't be dumb.

Kinda a short blowjob but hey if your good your good (meaning the blowjob not my writing lol). Do people even enjoy reading about blowjobs or was this disappointing? I heard on a podcast that gripping the base until a guy is about to cum helps him have a better orgasm but idk haven't tried it yet. I know the ending was depressing but I have plans for it. There might be a part 2 if you care but no promises.

I didn't outright explain they are not in love with each other in this point and were acting out of lust, paranoia And or anger and not necessarily true pure concern.

Anyway I feel my writing is a bit choppy and it feels like I speed run through everything but I don't want things to get to long. - pre re editing

I hate how long this has gotten